

The Holy Cross Magazine



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The Holy Cross Magazine

Sept.



1947

We Miss the Point^{*}

By BERNARD IDDINGS BELL

THE tragedy of human failure lies not nearly so much in man's wilful wickedness as in his earnest pursuit of inadequate ends. In the New Testament this is plainly brought out, the Greek word which we translate with the hackneyed and less word "sin" is a vivid word which means literally "missing the target." When we Christians say that we are miserable sinners," we mean that we have gotten ourselves and the world in a mess by seeking happiness in certain satisfactions which, though good in their

place (like food and drink and sex and ambition and the like), are simply no good as a chief end in living. The thing that has well-nigh ruined the world, the thing that drenches that world in blood and tears, the thing that makes our individual lives too difficult to be borne with courage and hope, is that modern man has forgotten what human beings are supposed to be, the things we need to try to do and to become, the things God made us to aim at.

No one has encouraged most of us, much less helped us, to bring our native intelligence to bear on the problem of ends and means in our own lives, in the life of the nation, in the life of the world in which America is a necessary co-

operator. Our churches, from whom instruction and example in wise and mature living would, it might be thought, have been forthcoming, have gone in more and more for sociability, sentimentality, the unctuous utterance of pseudo-ethical clichés. Our schools have taught us to cheer and if need be die for "my country, right or wrong," and that it is the primary duty of man and of nations to get on in the world and keep up with the Joneses, or, if possible, a jump or two ahead of the Joneses. Men and women of today, victims of a wilful blindness to moral issues, unencouraged and untrained to perceive ends or to evaluate means in the light of ends, are

^{*} An excerpt from Canon Bell's new book *A Man Can Live*, which Harper Brothers will publish in October.



The Revelation of God to Man

not wholly to be blamed for faulty life-aims; they are to be pitied and, if possible, salvaged.

It is Religion's chief business, and the most important business of Education too, to reveal to man the things he was made for and to encourage him to pursue them, so that in the end he will not find himself unhappy, frustrated, bitter. Neither Church nor School has attended to that business with competency. Therefore we blunder through life like well-meaning fools, pursuing inadequate objectives and suffering the pains of Hell on earth because of it.

Let us consider very briefly the ends, quite different from the truly human one, which are in fact being aimed at in our America. There are three of these.

That which at present passes for civilization has largely been based upon an assumption that the great, significant, happy man

is he who is able to acquire a superabundance of possessions. He matters most who lives in a house or flat larger and more ornate than he and his family need for reasonable comfort; who has a motor car without good reason, or two of them when one is needed, or three or four when two would do; who has more clothes than he can wear out and whose wife dresses with conspicuous expenditure; who has everything his heart desires and money can buy, and cash in the bank wherewith to purchase more of the same. How great a triumph to lift oneself to such a state of being! Since this is assumed to be the target at which individuals should aim, so of course it is the goal toward which national policies must be directed; a rich nation is a great nation.

Such a concept of greatness looks more than a little foolish in the light of History. Those who

in any generation have risen above the ruck of humanity to a place where they are honoured, the great ones of the past, have almost never had money. They have been a few rich people who are remembered, but examination of their records shows they mattered not because they were rich but more often in spite of it. Not a single outstanding teacher of moral wisdom failed to warn that riches tend to isolate their owners, make them petty, vulnerable, a little ridiculous. Scarcely a social historian has failed to point out that the land fares ill where wealth cumulates and men decay.

Those of us who are thirty-years old or older frequently have a faint memory of having heard something of this sort of thing when we were children; few who are younger than that have heard called effectively to their attention. Certainly there is little in contemporary books or magazines or newspapers, in the radio or movies, on the billboards, in popular conversation, in the schools, to remind us that for a country, for our families, for ourselves individually, abundance far more dangerous than poverty. We go our way admiring the rich man, aiming if possible to become rich ourselves, sure that with wealth comes happiness, certain that for the nation to fulfil its destiny it is necessary above all else that its physical standard of existence shall be lifted to even more exalted heights.

It is likely to seem to many people of today even more obvious, unquestionable, that the great, significant, happy human being is the one who can have the best time, who can the most competently surround himself or herself with amusements. This is possible, a more foolish way of life to aim at even than the pursuit of wealth for wealth's sake. The time soon comes when, no matter how much amusement

has, or how exciting, it no longer entertains, no longer dis- from man's essential trag- A playboy of twenty may be o gaze upon, even when one moved to disapproval, but even deliver us from having to upon, much worse to be, boys of forty or more! How they work at enjoying them- and how little they get, and and less, in return for their ! The last stage in a search entertainment as the *sum- bonum* is that sense of be- fed-up" which characterizes Americans of middle age older. They are restless, with- inner security. A happy man o need to be amused.

When men or nations get tired odging fundamental ques- in a juvenile pursuit of pos- sions and amusements, they to a search for something which will, so they suppose, them the sense of signifi- which they lack and know lack. This does not neces- mean that in sophistication learn wisdom. They may often do turn to another the attempt to seek mean- or themselves and for the na- in terms of coercive power. y seek to live other people's for them, ostensibly for the of those other people but y for the sake of their own ment. They set out to at- greatness in terms of their supposedly superior way of resistibly imposed upon the percipient. We have seen the th of such Messianism in under Mussolini, Germany r Hitler, Russia under n and Stalin. We can see evi- es of it even in our own try.

precisely to the degree that we ern Americans become fed ith senseless accumulation of s and a wearisome round of tricious amusements, we to become quite easy victims mad belief that America,

which is ourselves writ large, is called upon to impose its cul- tural pattern upon "the lesser breeds without the Law." It is America which must solve the world-wide Jewish problem, and in the doing of it cover up its own failures in reconciling creeds and colors. It is America which must teach Europe and Asia how to govern themselves, and in the doing of it forget gross misgovern- ment in Memphis and Chicago and Jersey City and a thousand other boss-ridden communities. We who cannot solve our own riddles must solve all the issues of humanity at large. We whose hearts are restless with discontent must bring peace to the world. And woe be to the cynic who doubts our competence to act in the grand manner!

Who that observes with trained eye the current scene in America can fail to see how increasingly ready our people are to take re- fuge from the ignobility of greed and the boredom of pleasure in a pursuit of nationalistic power, disguised as fulfillment of a ro- mantic destiny but in reality the escapist device of a disappointed people.

Americans are never going to arrive at a mature happiness or stability of culture as long as they keep aiming at such juvenile ends as riches, comforts, meretricious pleasures, bragging strut; but so far is our development arrested, thanks to our humanly harmful educational system, that the cur- rent American is apt to be hard put to it to think of anything to live for more satisfying than riches, comforts, meretricious pleasures, bragging strut. There is something vastly better, as pen- etrating students of mankind have always known, as the great religions have always taught.

Man's appointed destiny, his true end, is to live as an artist and a lover. He exists to do creatively, as craftsmanlike and godlike as possible, all things that must be

done, the great tasks and the small ones; to work as beautifully as he can learn to do it, not for the pay he gets, not for what with that pay he can buy, not for a ris- ing into power, not for applause or gratitude, but for sheer joy in creativity. Man was made to be an artist. He was made also, and this is the highest art of all, to give to other men understanding, tolerance, clemency, not with de- sign to get from those other men any *quid pro quo*, not even to get from them understanding or clemency or tolerance, but just because this is the kind of thing that man can do and must, most humbly. Man was made to be a lover. To be artist and lover, that is the goal, the human objective, the divinely destined end, of man.

If a nation denies this destiny, that nation dies, spiritually dies, eternally dies, and in the death- struggle also quenches its hope for any lesser greatness, pulls down its own mighty works. Only insofar as a people accepts this God-given destiny and ensues it, can that people escape the tragic ruin which overtakes a communi- ty whose citizens are in restless confusion within their own hearts and therefore inevitably in con- flict with one another. If an indi- vidual disregards this God-de- signed destiny and seeks to make life count in terms of possessions, pleasures or coercive power, he is doomed to disappointment with his fellows and with himself, doomed to a futility which at length he may not longer dodge. Only he can come on meaning, significance, happiness, courage, hope, who perceives the end for which all men exist and sets his human course by God's unchang- ing stars.



William of Glasshampton^{*}

Friar: Monk: Solitary

By S. C. HUGHSON, O.H.C.

THEODORET, the sixth-century theologian and historian, has preserved for us a moving story of his old master, Macedonius, the hermit. One day a huntsman whose dogs had in the chase led him far into the desert, came upon the saint's cave. "Why are you here in this savage place?" he exclaimed. "Because I too, am a huntsman," replied Macedonius. "I am pursuing hard after God, and yearn to lay hold of Him, and rejoice in Him. Him do I desire to see, and never will I cease from my gallant hunting."

In all ages of the Church there have been saintly souls who have emulated the old desert hermit, but perhaps none in our day has been a more gallant huntsman after God and the things of God than William of Glasshampton. Some of the readers of this page may never have heard of this devoted servant of God, and if that be so it only illustrates the truth of the saying attributed to another holy man of our time, Father Benson, the founder of the Society of St. John the Evangelist, that there are doubtless many saints well known in heaven of whom little is known on earth. But if Father Geoffrey Curtis's biography of Father William meets with the appreciation it deserves, another name will be added to the list of those blessed ones whom the Church delights to honour, who have served the Divine Master well, and left behind them a memory redolent of holiness which will not soon perish from the earth.

^{*} William of Glasshampton: Friar: Monk: Solitary. By Geoffrey Curtis, C.R. London, S.P.C.K. May be ordered through Holy Cross Press.

William Sirr was born in London in 1862 of a family of mingled French Huguenot and Irish strains, and which had inherited both military and religious traditions. Although William did not pursue the career of a soldier in the world, like St. Ignatius of Loyola he ever followed the military profession, but under no earthly standard. He gave his service valiantly to the Church Militant, and for more than a half century he was at the front of the battle for Catholic truth, for the rights of his underprivileged fellowmen, and, highest of all, in leadership in the lofty ways of prayer.

There was much in William Sirr's life which recalls the history of Robert Radcliffe Dolling, the great mission priest of the eighteen nineties. Like Dolling, William did not have the advantage of a University training, but as a youth went into business. But like Dolling again, the in-born apostolic spirit in him was too strong for the business of the world to absorb his interests, and as a very young man we find him spending every spare hour in untiring missionary work amongst the poor. With both of these consecrated men, this course led naturally to Holy Orders, and both of them, because of the lack of academic training, had difficulties with their examinations, and in both cases the authorities decided wisely that though they had no capacity for becoming theologians, they had the rarer and far more precious gift of shepherding God's people, and they were ordained to the priesthood, to the great profit of the Church, and for the building up into Christ of a multitude of souls.

William Sirr was a thorough spirit. He never did things halves. When he realized his duty to give his life to God and the Church, nothing would satisfy him but the complete consecration of all that he was and all that he had. In a sermon preached before St. Matthew's Guild shortly after his ordination, he expressed this spirit forcibly. "You cannot," he said, "keep back part of your price. It must be a thorough surrender. No shamming will do. You must do it all, not grudgingly, nor of necessity. God loves a cheerful giver."

It was the goading of the Holy Spirit that he could not, and would not resist that took him to the Society of the Divine Community, a passion which had been founded by Father Adderley in 1894, the work amongst the depressed groups in the slums of East London. It was through this Society, says Father Curtis, that "St. Francis of Assisi found his way into the Church of England."

Father William was professed in the Society in October, 1900. It was a mark of the community's appreciation of his worth that only three years after profession he was chosen Superior, an office he held for six years. A marked contrast to his later inspirations, this was a period of great activity and expansion for the Community. Perhaps it was the very activity of these years that brought to him the sense of the need of a fuller life of prayer and solitude. Realizing that the enclosed life was not the vocation of his Community, he made every effort to impress this sense of need upon his brethren. Indeed his attitude was quite contrary to this. Years afterwards he wrote

growing consciousness of "a persistent call to a life of prayer rather than of active work. I did not," he went on to say, "to see it at first as a temptation, but you will bear me out that I never shirked any external work or duty."

The story is told that just after he laid down his office, while in conversation with a friend, a member of another Community knew of his desire for the contemplative life, he unfastened his cloak, and the disappearance of the cross worn by the Superior was noted, he exclaimed, "I am free."

Father William recognized that this was a serious thing for a Religious to ask for release from his Community, even where there was a vocation to a stricter life, and where the canon law of the Church admitted of one passing freely to the observance of a more severe rule. But his call was no sudden thing, and the history of his development testified to its continuity. Writing in 1915, he said, "There is no great stirring of fervor, no sudden movement. It is a very slow and imperceptible, and therefore it is impossible to tell you of anything in particular." The humble patience of his waiting on God to point the way is shown where he adds to this movement words such as are found repeated often in his later correspondence. "There have been long years," he said, "when I have longingly sought for ever so tiny glimpse of the future, but that impatience and selfishness, which I am sorry. I am quite content to go on, as it were, swimming against the stream."

Father Andrew succeeded Father William as Superior, and sympathetic to the latter's spiritual aspirations, he bade him go to the house of the Community at East Haddingfield where a work nursing a group of lepers was being established. This work was the fruit of Father William's ac-

tivity in interesting the government to allow such an institution to be opened for the first time in modern England for this unhappy class of sufferers. The understanding was that he was to spend a year there under a rule of enclosure and silence as a test of the reality of his vocation. Father William himself doubted if so demanding a work as that amongst the lepers would offer opportunity for a real testing of his interpretation of the will of God, but again, his implicit abandonment of himself to the divine will enabled him to accept what was required of him with readiness and joy. He wrote at this time, "I have been very bold and presumptuous, and now it will make a great demand upon me to catch up my life and abandon myself wholly to our Lord. . . . I have made my promise to God that I would ask for nothing and refuse nothing in this waiting time. I will go to East Haddingfield with great joy, and eagerly embrace all that God gives me."

He seems to have found more opportunity for prayer in the

work amongst the lepers than he had feared would be the case. In January, 1915, he wrote: "I am sure that this is the very best time of my life. I have never before had such spaces for prayer and recollection, and I can feel that I am growing—there is a filling-in of that which has come to me with such rapidity in the last two years."

But although Father William felt that this period was the best he had ever known, a year or more at East Haddingfield convinced him that there must be less activity if the vocation was to be fulfilled that he now was wholly convinced God had given him. The question was referred to the chapter of the Community, and it was arranged for Father William to spend a period of time at Cowley with the Society of St. John the Evangelist in real enclosure and silence and prayer. This was approved by Father Maxwell, the Superior General of that Society, who had known of his aspirations, and sympathized with them. What Father William wanted, of course, was such release from his Community as would enable him to seek to found a separate Order for men which would live its life of prayer under strict enclosure. The question arose quite naturally whether it would be possible for him to live such an enclosed life in his own Community. Evidently, there had been painful discussion of his application, and while awaiting the Community's decision, he wrote to a friend, "I don't think I doubt the open door for me to go out. I can see that. But I am timid of renewed argument and controversy. It makes me really ill. . . . Pray that I may keep gentle and loving and patient. I am sorely tempted to give it all up at times. It brings in so much that is unchristian."

After learning of the decision about Cowley, he wrote, "I saw in my prayer that our Lord is al-



Calling to Prayer

lowing me to go the more difficult way to purge and cleanse me. It is the way of the Cross—the year here at Haddingfield—the great opposition and disapproval of the brethren—almost the being despised, and the long six months retreat at Cowley. I can see that it is a beautiful way if I can surrender to it, and accept it without any interior rebellion, and I know I shall be the better for it.”

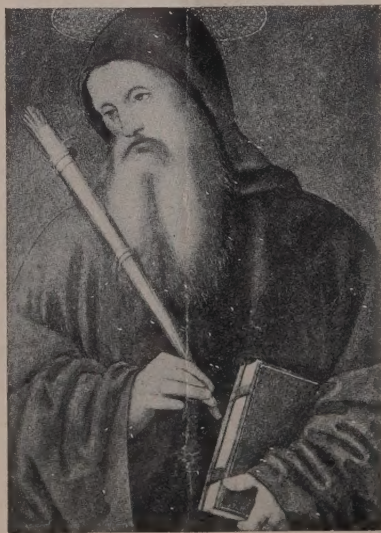
In the course of the discussions about the validity of Father William's call, one of the Brothers asked him to explain the difference between the gift of contemplative prayer, and the enclosed life of a contemplative Order. He replied at some length. “The gift of contemplative prayer and the enclosed life of a contemplative Order,” he said, “are not the same thing. The gift of contemplative prayer comes to all sorts of people—men and women, educated and ignorant—and is not confined to Religious as such. For the daughter may have it in the home, or the married man in his family. That is the teaching of the Church, and we have only to read to discover that it is true. . . . The one seeks union with God in charity through the sacrifice of the withdrawal from creatures, and through the stern discipline of solitude and silence, manual labour and bodily austerity. The other seeks union with God through charity to his fellowmen. The Church has said the former is the higher life. I will not dare to say so. I only know that God has called me to it, and that I must follow.”

Before going to Cowley, Father William made his retreat with his own Community, after which he wrote: “The message our Lord gave me was for greater surrender and more mortification for love of Him, and He showed me my resolution. It seemed to come so clearly to me that the new life is to be *very strict* and *very poor*. Our Lord seems to be asking for



this quite definitely. There is a wonderful joy coming to me as I realize the privilege of embracing such a state. If we are faithful, such blessings will flow out of it into the life of the Church.”

So, in the autumn of 1915 Father William went to Cowley, “for an indefinite time to be in retreat, and to think and to pray,” as he wrote to a friend. He had no thought of joining the Community there, but it was a place of refuge from the world where he could find security for the life of prayer. On his arrival, he was provided with garden tools and a scrubbing brush, and a place at the guest-table where he could have his meals in silence. There are some readers of these pages who know the lofty old Mission House at Cowley, with



St. Benedict, Father of Monks

its steep stairs, and the chapel at the top of the house. This was the first home of the first Community for men in the Anglican Church. In that austere chapel, which is still preserved, the great souls of the Cowley Community—Father Benson, Father O'Neil, Father Puller, Father Congreve, Father Hollings, Father Longridge, and many others of those early days, prayed and offered the Holy Sacrifice, and laid down foundations upon which the Anglican Church throughout the world is building today. It presented a holy atmosphere in which Father William rejoiced.

The letters of this mature period are filled with his thoughts which he shared with his friends whose prayers were following him. It is a temptation to quote them, but there would be no end of quotation if one yielded too freely. One passage will be fitting for us all in this time when haste and rush seem the order of the day, and when so few realize that to pray with a quiet mind one must lower the tempo of life, which so few know how to do even if they desire it. I had found Father Hollings' translation of *The Golden Treatise on Mental Prayer* by St. Peter of Cantara, and it was characteristic of him that this very practical passage should have made its appeal. “It seems to me,” said the saint, “that anything less than an hour to two hours is a short time for mental prayer. It often takes more than half-an-hour to tune the viol, and calm the imagination.”

Father William spent many hours daily in contemplation at that place of prayer, high over Oxford, which was so filled with the memories of saintly men whose footsteps he was seeking to follow, as God would guide him. “There is real romance and fun in getting up at midnight for Matins and going to bed again.”

It was significant that in e

that Father William was per-
 ed to take towards fulfilling
 great desire of his heart, his
 and satisfaction was ever on
 increase. From Cowley he
 te, "I should like you to know
 I am experiencing the great-
 peace and happiness I have
 had. I think I have learned
 lesson our Lord set before me,
 I am in a very real sense per-
 y resigned to whatever may
 pen to me, and completely de-
 ed from everybody and every
 e. It is true I am the prisoner
 he Lord, but I was never so
 God has given me the *Life*,
 I desire nothing more. I am
 our Lord all the time, hav-
 found His Presence in a new

December, 1915, Father
 xwell, the Superior General
 the Society of St. John the
 ngelist, died suddenly, and in
 death Father William lost a
 friend and one who sym-
 ized deeply with his spiritual
 itions. The First World War
 want of pastors. When Father
 at this time in its most desper-
 stage. Father William was at
 ss as to his future course,
 n the Superior of the Society
 the Divine Compassion came
 Cowley to consult with him
 ut his plans. The Society was
 great straits. The lay brothers
 been drafted into military
 ice, and souls were suffering
 am heard this, with that
 erosity which was his innate
 nct, he offered to return to
 Haddingfield to help for the
 ation of the war in the work
 the lepers. Those who did not
 w Father William can not
 ize what a sacrifice this was
 him. The Superior wrote,
 e Brothers were full of joy
 en I told them that you had
 red to return and help us till
 war is over."

One would suppose that surely
 generous sacrifice of his finest
 rations and hopes would have
 nged the attitude of his Com-



Not a house, but a stable

munity towards his vocation. He
 had spent eighteen months at
 Cowley, rejoicing in his hermit
 life of prayer. More than one
 house had been offered him for a
 monastery, and things seemed
 shaping up for the final achieve-
 ment of his vocation, when in his
 eager generosity he, for the time
 being, put it all behind him in
 order to help his brethren in the
 hard days that had come upon
 them. There could be no selfish-
 ness in a soul who would take
 such a step. His wholehearted un-
 selfishness should have silenced
 criticisms and questionings, but
 the darkest hour lay ahead of
 him. When the stress caused by
 the war was relieved and he ap-
 plied to be allowed to carry out
 the will of God, the old opposi-
 tion reared its head again. A new
 Superior was at the helm, and, as
 Father William's biographer ex-
 presses it, he looked on profession
 as a vow to his Community
 "rather than to the will of God as
 found enshrined within it." The
 principles agreed upon when he
 went to Cowley were set aside,

and his sensitive soul found it-
 self once more in the midst of a
 long and painful discussion as to
 the validity of his vocation, and
 the possibility of his release. All
 were at one mind that the law of
 the Church permitted one to re-
 tire from his Community in or-
 der to enter one of stricter ob-
 servance, but the technicality
 was raised of there being no such
 Community for men in the An-
 glican Church, as though the real
 point were the mere external or-
 ganization rather than the life.
 But his patience and sweetness
 proved in the issue to be invin-
 cible, and when he had the offer,
 "not of a house, but of a stable,"
 a resolution was passed that Fa-
 ther William be sent forth "gen-
 erously and lovingly" to fulfill
 what he believed to be the will of
 God for him.

In the late summer of 1918, a
 property at Astley, in Worcester-
 shire, was offered to him by the
 Rev. Cecil Jones, the chaplain of
 the Sisters of the Holy Name at
 Malvern Link. It consisted of a
 stable, the only remaining build-

ing of the large estate of Glasshampton, the mansion of which had been burned nearly a hundred years before. The property before the Great Pillage under Henry VIII, had been for some centuries occupied by a group of Benedictine monks, and it was now to be returned to its original use. On November 26th, in the octave of the feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the house which Father William had put in some degree of order, was blessed by the Archdeacon of the diocese with the Bishop's approval, under the dedication of St. Mary at the Cross.

There was no happier man in the three kingdoms than Father William who now after eighteen years of patient waiting, began the enclosed life all alone, and with no prospect that anyone would come to join him, although he had had numerous letters from interested men. Father William was now fifty-six years old, and while he realized clearly the difficulty he would meet in making a permanent Religious establishment, his faith and hope never failed him. While numerous visitors beat a path to his door, he was faithful to his ideal of the enclosed life. Calls came to him for preaching and like work, but that was not for him. He was asked, amongst other tempting invitations, to go to Cambridge and tell the men there something of his hopes and plans, but he declined, saying that "my very presence would contradict some important points I should wish to emphasize."

The years went by, and there were some aspirants, but either they were unsuited for the life, or their fortitude failed when the *fervor novitius* evaporated. They could not stand the next phase—the *tedium claustris*. As did many others, Father William thought that the end of the war would bring a great influx of men, dis-



St. Mary at the Cross

illusioned with the world, and eager to dedicate their lives to God in the contemplative life. There were in those days, as there are now after the close of World War II, many who were indeed disillusioned, but they had no thought of turning to the life of Religion.

In spite of the failure of aspirants to materialize, there is nowhere in his correspondence during these days a note of discouragement, much less of impatience. His primary purpose was not to found a community, but

to do the will of God; and this is evident everywhere. Bits from his letters show the old spirit of patient abiding strong and joyful. Whatever came he accepted. "It is the will of God, therefore it was the best thing that could have happened." Again, "How lovely it is to walk by faith, not to know or wish to know, tomorrow. It is so when God has at last disciplined the soul into the perfection of peace. Keep me well in your loving prayer." "As we operate with grace, and not with more and more our personal feelings."

es, we are to learn to let nothing disturb the pure desire so wonderfully implanted in our hearts. If there is nothing but pure, be humble enough to offer that. Having made the complete oblation of our whole self to God for ever, all we do is filled with love; henceforth and forever we are His." "I get rather tired of disappointments and delays, but much sweeter they make the fullness of blessing when it comes."

In 1931 Father William was not short of seventy years of age. He had had a bad breakdown the previous year, and was sent as an invalid to the south of France for recuperation, where he spent the winter. He realized now that even applicants did come, he would be too old to train them. For the first time past he had been receiving those who wrote about vocation, to Cowley and to the Benedictines at Nashdom. In June of this year he wrote, "I feel now that I have given up the hope of companions, or of a foundation. I am happier. . . . We do want to be fed and nourished." But during all these years he enjoyed a fruitful ministry. Glasshampton, in spite of the fact that he rarely went out of the enclosure, had come to be known all over England as a place for spiritual restoration. Hundreds of men, priests and laymen, Churchmen, nonconformists, and even an occasional devout Jew, came to find recovery from the battle with the world which had proved too much for them. He was asked to take over the spiritual guidance of a few solitaries, and on certain occasions he would leave the enclosure of the monastery to minister to them. So far as the Religious life went, he himself was not a solitary hermit, but priests and penitents came to him for the healing of their souls.

His last hope, so far as a Community was concerned, was that one or two younger but mature

priests might come to whom he could give over the work of a foundation. One great work at this period was the rehabilitation of fallen priests. Many were sent to him, and the bishops and others were writing him asking that he take more. This work did not interfere with his life of prayer, and engaging as it was, it kept him close to God as he found Him in every unfortunate who came to be healed. In the midst of all this, he was able to write to a hard-pressed soul who asked for spiritual direction. "All I can prescribe out of my own experience is to abide patiently until the soul relaxes—it is strung up. It needs to be let free from all thought and strain, and simply to bathe itself in the ocean of God's love. Do nothing itself, but let God do all. Utter surrender. Then it becomes still, tranquil, and goes out to God and rests. This is a feeble expression of what can't be expressed."

Father William's health continued to decline, and in the summer of 1936 he was at Malvern Link. Father Cecil Jones was ill, and the Reverend Mother of the Sisters of the Holy Name asked the Father to occupy lodgings in a cottage belonging to her Community, and to do what he could to help with the conventual Masses. The day he was leaving Glasshampton, never to see it again, his friend, the Reverend Sidney King, came unexpectedly to see him. He wrote, "On this last morning when I saw him on his bed his face lit up with welcome. I asked if I might pray with him. When I rose from my knees, he said, looking me straight in the face, serene and untroubled, apropos of nothing said in the interview or the prayers, 'We must not mind being a failure—our Lord died on the cross a failure.' Words I can never forget, nor the tone of his serene, quiet repose in the will of God. I knew that in that absolute surrender of his will

to God, he had entered into the victorious mind of our Saviour on the Cross, and knew the ineffable peace which only the saints very near to God can know; and which nothing can break, or destroy."

But it was soon evident that Father William's work on earth was done. In October, 1936, he went to the Homes of St. Barnabas in Surrey, an institution for invalid priests. In the following February he had a fall which the doctors suspected was the result of a slight stroke. He received the last Sacraments, and to the astonishment of doctors and nurses, he rallied sharply. He made his confession on Easter eve, and on Easter morning, March 28th, he rose at 4 a. m., to prepare for his Easter Communion; and "thus prepared, he passed away suddenly and quietly, to that heavenly Communion which surely our Lord willed to give him with His own hand."

He was buried on Easter Thursday in Lingfield churchyard. His old brethren from the Society of the Divine Compassion, friends of the Glasshampton days, and representatives of Religious Communities, gathered about the grave for the last office. A working man stood silently by with a bowl of earth which he sprinkled on the coffin at the solemn words of committal—it was the old gardener from Glasshampton, and the earth was from the monastery garden.

Well does the author of this moving biography apply to William of Glasshampton words written by Jacques Maritain of a holy French Dominican:

"He was a man of great desires; and it seems that God was so contented with the sight of these pure desires that He allowed very few of them to be satisfied. . . . Let us not go faster than God. It is our emptiness and our thirst that He needs, not our plenitude."

The Way of the Cross *

By BONNELL SPENCER, O. H. C.

I GO a fishing." Does it seem strange that Peter and his companions should have decided to return to their former trade after all that had happened? If we think so, we have failed to grasp their point of view. Contact with the Risen Christ did not give them a sense of their own importance. They did not consider that their experience had lifted them out of their old social status. They knew they were called to witness to the Resurrection. But as yet they had not received the commission and command to go "into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." They assumed, therefore, that they were to return to their own villages and, like the rest of the five hundred brethren, bear their testimony in terms of daily living.

They were fishermen. Jesus had called them from their nets to accompany Him in His public ministry. Now He had laid down His life and taken it up again. They recognized Him as Lord and Christ. They would serve Him for the rest of their lives. How better could they serve Him than by plying the trade of fishing at which they were experts? They would do the job to the best of their ability and manifest in it the new power and love and joy which they had received from the Risen Lord.

We know that our Lord had other plans for them. They were to be "fishers of men." After Pentecost, they would be too busy winning souls and organizing the infant Christian community to spend much time on

the Lake of Galilee. Eventually, they would be sent forth from Palestine to carry the Gospel to foreign lands. All that, however, was in the future, still hidden from their eyes. It would be revealed to them when the time came. They did not take it upon themselves either to plan or to anticipate such a career. The height of their ambition was to be good, hard-working fishermen. They believed that to be the means by which they could best give glory to God and help to their fellow-men.

This humility on their part was not displeasing to Christ. It was just the material He needed for His work. His Appearance to them while they were thus engaged shows that He approved their decision to go fishing. That was their vocation at the moment. The opening part of the episode

we are considering shows Christ's interest in its success.

"Children, have ye any meat?" was His greeting to them. Peering across the lake hag-ridden by the morning mists, they failed to recognize Him. They called out, "No." Their night's toil had yielded them nothing. "Cast your net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find." They did not. He commanded. When they drew it up again, the net was full of fishes. John whispered, "It is the Lord," and Peter cast himself into the sea in his haste to greet the Master.

The others got the nets to land. There they discovered that it was only had Christ given them the mammoth draught, but also provided a fire and bread, and the fish was baking on the coals. His command, they added another from the catch and came down to dine with Him. It was like the old times before the Crucifixion. But the ordinariness of the outward scene heightened their sense of awe. In this common, familiar setting they communed with the Risen Christ. Along with the joy at His presence there was a note of reverent restraint, even embarrassment. "None . . . durst ask Him, What art thou? knowing that it was the Lord."

We need this episode to help us grasp the full significance of the Resurrection. It brings us down to earth. Here we see the Risen Christ concerning Himself with the physical comfort of His disciples and prospering them in their labors as fishermen. This reminds us that God is not interested solely in what we call spiritual things. He created the whole of our nature—body, mind,



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d soul. He desires the welfare of our whole being. He wants our bodies fed and clothed, our minds trained and educated, our hearts gladdened by beauty and laughter, as well as our souls redeemed and nourished. Religion is concerned with every department of life. Anything that ministers to human needs is the service of God in the brethren.

This reminder is timely today. We have over-spiritualized religion. We limit it to our relationship with God in terms of prayer, worship, and morality. The concept of vocation is still unduly restricted. A few years ago, we spoke of vocation only in connection with those called to the active ministry of the Church. Recently, we have grown a bit stricter. Nowadays, we include certain of the professions—medicine, law, teaching, social work—those that aim directly at the betterment of human society. But we rarely go beyond that. We find it hard to believe that God is interested in such mundane matters as banking and manufacture, as mining and farming, in such frivolities as entertainment and amusement, as sports and dancing. We seldom speak of His calling men and women to be stenographers and bookkeepers, machinists or day-laborers, farm-hands or cattle-rustlers, policemen or street-cleaners, salesmen or housewives, artists or radio comedians.

Yet He does. These are all jobs that He wants done to provide us with the necessities and the joys of life. He calls the majority of men and women to serve Him in these occupations. By them, they are not only to earn a living, they are to share in God's work, as His hands and feet, concurring on mankind the benefits He will bestow. He has His standards for them to attain. To fulfill these vocations it is not enough to get by, to satisfy the boss, to hold one's job, to make



money. The work should be done with such care and diligence as to make it a worthy offering to Him who said, "Ye shall be holy: for I the Lord your God am holy."

The substitution of the profit motive for the sense of vocation as the stimulus to work is the modern tragedy. Business has degenerated into a sordid quest for gain; industry is torn by the selfish strife between the rival interests of management and labor; agriculture is the victim alternately of mortgage foreclosures and of government subsidy; cheap and shoddy goods are dumped on a gullible public; art and professional entertainment have been debauched by the profitable catering to a depraved public taste. Every so often, the pressure of this accumulated selfishness explodes into war.

How strange it is that Christians should have forgotten that all honest work is meant to be the means of serving God! For Christ Himself was a Carpenter. That was His vocation until He was "about thirty years of age." Let us not understate the significance of this. Christ did not merely condescend to demonstrate the dignity of labor by working at a carpenter's bench while He was waiting for the time to come when He would begin His real vocation. He was called to be the village Carpenter of Nazareth.

That was just as truly the work His Father gave Him to do as His subsequent preaching, miracles, and death on the cross. The fashioning of plows and yokes, the mending of children's toys, the turning out of wooden drinking bowls for the local marriage feasts were integral parts of His service of God. He did them all with the same spirit of obedience and devotion, of patience and courtesy, which we find displayed in His public ministry. His hammer, His saw, and His plane were, like His cross and His crown of thorns, tools that He used to redeem the world. For He was not only the Good Shepherd who laid down His life for His sheep; He was also the Good Workman who sanctified His trade.

When He appeared to His disciples at the end of their night's work, He first made their labors fruitful and gave them a hearty breakfast. He knew that hungry and discouraged men are not in a condition to rise up to spiritual things. Accordingly He wants Christians to continue His work of satisfying men's physical needs and of giving them good cheer, in order that they may be able to serve Him in their several callings with strong bodies, sound minds, and glad hearts.

This is the background against which Christ indicated to two of His disciples the further development of their vocations. He turned first to Peter. We have already seen how He had hastened to meet Peter's penitence with His loving pardon. That, however, was a private transaction. It caught Peter up once more into the full experience of the Master's personal love. Now Peter was to be given an opportunity to make reparation for his threefold denial by a threefold declaration of love, and thereby publicly to be reinstated to his place as leader of the Apostles.

"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" Peter's response to this question thrice repeated is a fascinating study in character, if we remember to whom our Lord was speaking. It was to the impetuous Simon Peter—and he was not one whit less impetuous than he had been before. About an hour earlier he had leapt out of the ship into the sea, as soon as he recognized Christ, because he was in such a hurry to greet Him. He could not wait for the boats to be beached even though "they were not far from land, but as it were two hundred cubits." Peter was always to retain his impetuosity; it was part of his natural endowment, a consequence of his zeal. Conversion and penitence were not to diminish that. Grace does not override nature; it consecrates it.

We see this happening in Peter's answers. At the Last Supper, when Peter's love was questioned, his impetuous zeal replied with a boast, "Lord, I am ready to go with thee, both into prison, and to death." With supreme self-confidence he offered to prove his love. Now, on the shore of the Lake of Galilee, the Master's questions brought before Peter's eyes that scene in the High Priest's courtyard, which effectively silenced any impulse to boast. Thus penitence wrought its work. Peter, no less zealous, no less loving, had learned the art of self-distrust. He could offer nothing to demonstrate His love. He had to trust in the Master's knowledge of his heart. "Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee."

Peter could not be shaken from his humble submission. Once, twice, three times, "Lovest thou me?" "Peter was grieved because he said unto him the third time, Lovest thou me?" Even though the thought, "He does not believe me," must have flashed into Peter's mind, he did not yield to

the temptation to boast or to prove his love. He deliberately rejected the idea that our Lord could be doubting him. "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

Each of Peter's professions of love was greeted by a command, "Feed my lambs . . . Feed my sheep." Out of Peter's penitence our Lord had drawn a humility which equipped Peter for his work as pastor of souls. For the flock of Christ was to be fed with Christ, not with Peter. Only when Peter had learned to count himself nothing, to trust entirely to the knowledge, the power, the love of our Lord, was he fit to minister to the brethren the manifold riches of God. Thus we see the growth of Peter's love. Out of self-knowledge, penitence. Out of penitence, humility. Out of humility, service.

And after service, sacrifice. "When thou wast young, thou girdedst thyself, and walkedst whither thou wouldest," our Lord reminded him. The headstrong Peter—it was not so long since he had "put away childish things." "But," Christ went on to predict, "when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee, and carry thee whither thou wouldest not." "This spake he," comments St. John, "signifying by what death he should glorify God." Tradition says that he was crucified and that, at his own request—impetuous to the last, but now impetuous in his humility—he was nailed to the cross upside down as a fitting differentiation from his Master.

The successful Christian life runs uphill—up the hill of Calvary. The realization of this often comes as a shock to beginners. They have laboriously climbed over the first hurdle of penitence.

They have begun to master the first principles of prayer. They are ambitious to serve God. Now they think, all will be smooth sailing. But God has a greater favor in store for us than this. As we grow more generous with Him, He lets us share more and more of His work in the world. We begin by participating in the work of His hidden years in Nazareth—by doing our job with whatever it may be. We go on to the activities of His public ministry—feeding the hungry, comforting the afflicted, showing others the way to God. Then He gives us the greatest privilege of all—that of joining Him on the Cross.

Christ came to redeem the world. This could not be effected merely by teaching men what God is like and what they ought to do. To a greater or less extent we know these things already; at least we know far more than we practice. We fall short of the ideals, inadequate though the ideals may be. "The good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do." Our Lord's work of revelation had to be supplemented by the power to follow it, if it was to benefit mankind.

The first step toward releasing that power was to free man from the shackles that bound him to the hold of evil on man's heart. This had to be broken. Our Lord could not do this by the patchwork method of healing a person here and there, of casting out a few demons. These were only the opening skirmishes in His struggle with the forces of evil. They dealt with their effects, not the cause. To win man's redemption Christ had to meet the devil face to face in mortal combat. The duel was fought on Calvary. The devil chose the weapons—suffering. By tempting human beings into sin, he induced them to heap pain, ignominy, defeat, and death on God Incarnate. In this w



devil hoped to provoke Jesus by giving up His attempt to save man, or at least so to discredit Him in man's eyes that His efforts would bear no fruit. Our Lord laid hold on the one weapon—suffering. He made it the supreme expression of His love. Without murmur, without complaint, without protest, He bore all the torture, physical, mental and spiritual, that was heaped upon Him. Never once did He answer sin with sin. He always answered with love. He said, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." Never once did He let darkness engender despair. "My God, my God," He cried, speaking to the Father from whom He knew to be at hand even when the desolation forced Him to ask, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" Never once did apparent failure make Him think that his cause was lost. "It is finished," He shouted triumphantly at the moment when things looked darkest. Never once did He quail before the approach of death. He committed His spirit into thy hands I command my spirit."

That was the victory of Calvary—love conquering evil, hate, sin by humble, patient suffering. That was the sacrifice which redeemed the world and opened us the path to God. But Christ did not do all our suffering for us. He loves us too much for that. He bore the brunt of it. He did what we could not. He won the decisive battle. Now He wants to repeat His victory in and through us and let us share in it.

This is done by His conquering sin and evil in us with the same weapon He used on Calvary. There are two aspects of the battle. One is the conquest of our sin, by penitence which re-creates our past offenses and shows God to forgive them, and by self-discipline and mortification which root out our habitual weaknesses to temptation. The

other is the conquest of evil in the world in which we live. Here the technique as well as the weapon is that of Calvary. Evil attacks us in the form of other people's sins. We answer with forgiveness. "Till seven times?" "I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but Until seventy times seven." Evil attacks in the form of temptation. We beat it down, by the power of Christ, being obedient to God, if necessary, "unto death, even the death of the Cross." Evil attacks by smashing our most cherished plans. From Calvary we draw the strength to believe that failure can be, in the hands of God, the surest way of redeeming the world.

It is a mighty privilege to be cross-bearers with Christ. For each of us God has designed a cross suited to our individual needs. No two crosses are exactly alike. The Risen Christ pointed this out to Peter in answer to the latter's question concerning John, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" The Master answered, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? follow thou me." John was to have his cross—but it was not to be the same as Peter's. Peter's job was to carry his own.

John's cross was no less heavy. It involved much physical suffering. If the tradition that he was boiled in oil at Rome is correct, then he experienced all of martyrdom except the release of death. Instead, he was sent to Patmos to work as a slave in the mines. Finally, he was set free and went to Ephesus where the burdens of the church fell on his aged shoulders. The full weight of John's cross, however, did not lie in any of this. What John felt most keenly was his separation from his Beloved. Of course, John was in the closest communion with Christ that is possible through prayer and sacraments; but, at best, in this life "we see

through a glass, darkly" and not face to face. To the ardent lover, this was all the difference between exile and home.

One after another the Apostles died and took their places at the Marriage Feast of the Lamb. John tarried on, engaged in lowly kitchen tasks. He accepted his cross. He threw himself wholeheartedly into his daily work, for it was the offering his Beloved asked him to make. But his heart longed for the moment when he could depart and be with Christ. When, at the end of the Revelation vouchsafed him on Patmos, our Lord said to John, "Surely I come quickly," John answered, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Yet John had still ten years more to wait.

This tarrying purified John's love. We have seen how his hot-headedness, which won him the nickname "son of thunder," was rebuked during our Lord's public ministry. After the Ascension, his love was filtered through a long period of tarrying until it became the sparkling river that runs through his Gospel and Epistles. Thus the Beloved Disciple became the Apostle of love.

Our cross will transform us in the same way. It is designed to purge away the dross of our selfishness. It is our opportunity to be used by Christ in the conquest of evil, to share in His redemptive work. Our cross comes to us now in terms of the dull hard work to which our present vocation calls us, in terms of the aches and pains, the handicaps and disappointments, the injuries and misunderstandings which we are asked to bear. That is our cross. We must not ask or seek another. We must accept and bear it gladly. If we do, we shall find it the ladder by which we can scale the heights of heaven. There is no other way. "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

Visit to Vezala

By ALAN WHITTEMORE, O.H.C.

SOMETIMES the road to our earthly paradise, like the road to Heaven itself, is difficult and exhausting. I found it so with the way to Vezala, the most enchantingly situated of our African Mission outstations.

I had chosen to go the hard way, by bicycle, a feat which had never been tried before and which my colleagues declared impossible. As with the road to Heaven, again, the difficulties increased the joy and interest of the adventure.

It was fine for the first few hours, when I was fresh and the cool of the morning persisted.

The route lay along the half-finished motor-road which the Liberian Government is building in our part of the hinterland. It passes up, over and down an unending succession of steep hills. No permanent bridges have been erected as yet, so one must dismount at the stream between each pair of hills and work one's way, dragging the bicycle, along some loose logs or a parcel of bamboo poles. Since the road and its borders are wide there is no protection as there is in the narrow bush-trails, from the tropic sun once it is fairly risen.

However, as I have said, it was comfortably cool for the first few hours. There were breezy coasts down the steep hills and, fortunately, whenever I came to a long up-grade, people appeared as by magic to push the bicycle up for me. At two or three of the worst places, large groups of boys were carting new dirt to the road in baskets. Many, of course, had never seen a bicycle but, when I showed them how to push it, they all but fought one another for the privilege of wheeling it up hill. They squealed with delight when I mounted and they ran after me

down the slope, for the prize of taking the bicycle up the next one.

It was a different story when I had at last left these gay groups behind me. The sun was blazing now. I was beginning to be weary and I knew that the longest part of the journey lay before me. The price of each cooling minute of coasting was a broiling journey up a long ascent with no companions, now, to help with the bicycle. My sun-helmet grew more and more hot and heavy, my



bones ached and the sun became merciless. But it was fun.

And, at last, I came to a long, smooth slope of a mile or more down which I coasted to the small village of Vezala, whose huts instead of being perched on the top of a hill as with most of the towns, form a circle in a cleared place on the plain. However, the mission station itself is perched high enough! When I saw the steep hill, a few hundred yards beyond the village, my heart almost failed me. What an

anticlimax, thought I, if after a journey of so many hours I should have to give up at the foot of the last ascent. But of course, I did not give up, but instead, presented myself in a more minutes at Father Bess's door.

He is the genius of our place among the Buzi, or Loma people, and is so in love with Vezala that whenever he returns from his monthly visit there, the only thing he asks me to do is to ask him, quite as a matter of course, "What is the news from heaven?"

He had arrived a few days before me and had everything in readiness for my arrival, including plenty of fresh, cool drinking water and orange juice, a comfortable deck-chair and a bottle of beer.

His hut is of the ordinary native type; thatched roof and circular round walls. Such building materials are cool and so is the breeze blowing over the hill. A few feet away is the kitchen shed, where the head boy spends most of his day. There is nothing else on the crest, which is nicely cleared so that one can see the most beautiful views in every direction. I wish you could see the red earth of the clearing itself, the brilliant green of the nearer foliage in the valley, the soft blue hills in the distance, and above it all, the radiant blue of the sky. In every direction there are hundreds of graceful peaks. Toward evening, there is the paralleled glory of an African sunset.

Halfway down the hill is a broad shelf, or ledge, on which rest the long, thatched dormitories and other school-buildings, including the house of the head teacher. His name is Dorcas Hina and both he and his wife, Amy, were school children

ahun in my day. He is an able, right chap, with quiet dignity and takes excellent care of his thirty-odd schoolboys. (The total roll of our combined missions' schools is now over three hundred.)

Across from him lives the young Loma evangelist, John Joma. Years ago, he was brought to the Bolahun hospital in dan-gerous condition. He had fallen from a palm-tree and broken his arm near the shoulder. When infection set in, he had taken a native cutlass and hacked off the arm with his own left hand. At that time, he could not have been much more than ten. After the doctor had fixed him up, he became enrolled in the school at Bolahun and soon learned to do almost as much with his one arm as most people do with two. I remember how well he swam.

His present job includes conducting the simple, daily prayer-services at the Vezala School and teaching the Sacred Studies; interpreting for Father Bessom. In the latter's absence, visiting the four neighboring outstations each week to instruct groups of catechumens and Catechumens. It amazed me to see him hold his prayer-book, flip its pages, and mark those present—all with one hand.

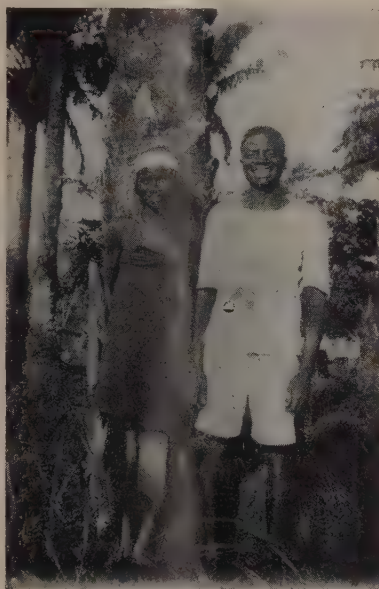
Everything is done with conscientious care and thoroughness, not only in the Vezala district but in all other outstations, each of which has its own evangelist, either a father or sister, or both, to supervise. Preparation for Baptism takes at least four years, during which the candidate must be faithful in attendance at the weekly service and instruction and give many other evidences of devotion and stability. At each stage, careful record is kept of the names of various Hinas, Koilis, Korlus, Nyahs, Tambas, etc. etc.

Father Bessom had to return to Bolahun a few days before me, but not before we had visited to-

gether the largest of his outstations, Kpakamai.

It is situated on an enormously high hill, but the long steep climb is worth it. For it is one of the largest, cleanest, most up-and-coming villages in our part of Africa and commands one of the finest views. One can see Pandemai Mountains to the south and, in the north, some high peaks in far-off French Guinea.

The young Chief, Borbo, is able and intelligent and an enthusiastic friend of the Mission. On his own initiative, he under-



A Native Evangelist

took to build a combined church and rest-house for the fathers, which has only recently been completed and which it was my privilege to bless.

A misunderstanding regarding the construction of this large, fine native building was illustrative of the pitfalls of interpreters. It had been the Chief's intention to shoulder the entire cost; which, since it involved not only a large amount of unskilled labor but also considerable carpentry for doors and windows, etc., was a considerable item according to African money-standards.

Naturally, Father Bessom was greatly pleased and, merely as a small token of appreciation, promised the Chief, that, when the building was finished, he would be given a "tank." The "tank" was, in Father Bessom's mind and intention, merely an empty kerosene drum; but such an article is a good container for palm-oil and is, therefore, a welcome present.

However, John Joma misunderstood the word "tank" and interpreted it "trunk"; to the chagrin of Father Bessom when he discovered the error, much too late to correct it. Since a trunk was not available, four pounds had to be handed over in order to preserve the Mission's integrity. Not only was it a considerable expense but it took the edge off the Chief's offering to God, though through no fault of the Chief. His intentions were sound and, as a matter of fact, the building must have cost him a great deal more than four pounds.

Incidentally, not only Borbo but the chiefs in most of the towns where we work are fairly faithful attendants at "God-Palaver." Since such celebrities can afford a bevy of brides, it is not likely that many of them will make the big sacrifice involved in becoming Christians. But they are genuinely interested in what they hear; they realize what a boon Christianity can be to their people and are taking effective pains to cooperate with the missionaries.

After Father Bessom's departure, I visited the other Vezala outstations with John Joma. And, one evening, we played the somewhat decrepit phonograph for the schoolboys.

Dominic Hina distinguished himself on this occasion. The two steel needles being so hopelessly worn that they produced no sound above a whisper, Hina sent one of the boys for a thorn from a neighboring bush. It worked!



Over in Joma's country

On the morning I left, the school assembled in the early morning for a blessing and then watched the departure of "bicykwi" with loud applause.

I traveled Pullman, so to speak, on the return journey. For the Vezala School contributed one of its best carriers to accompany me. He is an amazingly amiable chap named Koiliduga, one of the sort that one sees, occasionally, in every country, who travels all over the map and finds old friends and cordial new acquaintances wherever he goes. Life is agreeable to Koiliduga, probably because he greets it with a broad smile and a helping hand.

He certainly lent a hand to me; not to mention the sturdiest pair of legs I have seen in a long time. Though I besought him not to kill himself with running and assured him that I would not object to waits, I doubt if the latter aggregated as much as five minutes in the whole six-hour trip back to Bolahun.

The procedure was simple. There were almost no level stretches; just up-hill and down. I sailed down each hill at a great rate, left the bike at the bottom and leisurely began to ascend on foot. Meanwhile, Koiliduga raced like a deer down-hill, picked up

the bicycle and, just as I reached the next crest, handed it to me, with a flood of perspiration and a grin.



St. Joseph's Hospital, where Joma's life was saved.

But now it has no doctor!

Intercessions

Please give thanks with us for God's blessing on the retreat and chapter of our Order.

For the privilege of preaching during the month.

Please pray for God's blessing on sermons to be preached at the Church of the Holy Comforter, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. by Father Kroll and Father Adams; for a sermon by Bishop Campbell at Palenville, N. Y., September 10 for the Seminarists' Retreat, September 8-12; for the Priests' Retreat, September 15-19; for Quiet Day for the Clergy of the Diocese of Iowa, September 20 to be given by Father Tieckmann; for a retreat for the Canterbury Club of Detroit to be given by Father Baldwin, September 26 and 27; for a sermon by the Father Superior at Calvary Church, Syracuse, N. Y., September 23; for a Clergy Conference conducted by Father Kroll, September 30 and October 1.

Pray also, please, for the next year at St. Andrew's; for guidance in developing our work in the West; and that we may have a doctor for the Liberian Mission.

The Eternal Values and the Cross

By JAMES O. S. HUNTINGTON, O.H.C.

God forbid that I should glory, save the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."
Galatians 6: 14.

RUTH, Beauty, Goodness, Love. These are noble words. Why is it that they to arouse us, that they seem the most part to pass us by, leaving us unmoved? It is not that we really deny their importance for our lives, but that, as they stand on the printed page, they seem abstract and remote. In our everyday experience, when we come in contact with our fellow men and women, we are constantly taking these values into account. As seen in human character, we welcome them with pleasure, at times with admiration and joy. We ask for truth at the hands of our fellows. We desire beauty and loathe ugliness. We demand justice and goodness, and become indignant at crookedness and evil. We crave human and divine love, and shudder at hatred and cruelty.

These "eternal values," then, are not distant or alien to us. They are: "the master light of all seeing"; they are essential to happiness. If anyone doubts this, let him picture what would be his condition if he were condemned to be where these values are absent; let him put the contrary in their place. To be where all is false, hollow, unreal; where there is nought but hideous ugliness and deformity; where no appeal for justice avails, where mean extortion and fraud prevail; where there is only cruelty and hate,—what would this mean save madness and despair? Yet where, even in such a world as this, can we find these eternal values in full possession? Not in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ?

Let us consider this. First of all, is not the Cross the revelation of truth, the assurance of reality? As our Lord drew near to His Passion, He spoke often of truth. He said of Himself: "A Man that hath told you the truth:" "If I tell you the truth, why do ye not believe Me?" "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." He declared to Pilate that He had come to "be a witness unto the truth." But greater still is His sublime utterance, "I am the truth."

There are, of course, various levels of truth. There is truth in regard to facts in the natural world, or as to events in history, or as to mathematical deductions. But "eternal truth" must concern eternal values, and the supreme truth must be the eternal reality, the character of God. It is on that truth that all else depends, for individuals or for nations. Hegel said: "A nation which has a false or bad conception of God has also a bad state, bad government, bad laws." It was to subvert the "false" and "bad" conceptions of God that the Word, the express image of the Father, "became Man." And He did not only tell men about God, He manifested God in our human nature. He said to His disciples: "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father." "I am the truth." But man discloses the inmost meaning of his life by the choices that he makes. It was then, in our Lord's voluntary suffering and death on the cross that He disclosed the very heart of God, that He set before us eternal truth, the reality of the living God.

Then there is the value of beauty. And here, as in the case of truth, there are different levels.

There is the beauty of the external world, the beauty of rose, or star, or mountain peak. What is significant is the fact that beauty seems always to suggest,—dimly it may be, but yet compellingly the presence of personality. So we think of nature as our mother; so we feel a kinship with the loveliness of earth and sky, a secret sympathy, as between self-conscious spirits. This leads us to recognize that there is a higher manifestation of beauty than comes to our outward senses, a beauty in nobility of spirit, in unselfish devotion, in stainless purity, in magnanimity, in heroic service. And this brings us to the cross of our Redeemer. The representation of a human body in extreme agony of pain seems to contradict all that we mean by beauty. So far as the mere physical anguish is concerned, it is a sight from which to turn away in sickening horror. Yet how vastly different is it with the representation of Christ upon the cross! The emotions which are called forth by the cross or the crucifix, in anyone who has any knowledge at all of Catholic truth, are not disgust or even pity, but admiration and hope and joy. The sign of the cross has led armies to victory; has been emblazoned on the banners of the greatest nations of the world; has shone, jewel-studded, on the breasts of kings; has hallowed the bridal chamber; has been held before the eyes in death. The Passion of Jesus Christ has been the inspiration of the greatest Christian art,—music, painting, sculpture, architecture, poetry. And this because in it, more than anywhere else in the world in which we live, we have the disclosure of eternal beauty.

And, then, there is the declara-

tion of goodness, of righteousness. Even the Roman officer who had charge of the execution of Christ confessed: "Certainly this was a righteous man." God is the moral ideal, He is the standard and source of all righteousness. Whatever is in accordance with His will,—the energy of His character,—is right; whatever is inconsistent with it is wrong. At the

outset of His ministry as He stepped down into the waters of the Jordan, our Lord said: "Thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness." Through every act and word of that ministry He was fulfilling His Father's will. "I do always those things that please Him." And the climax of that obedience was when on the cross He cried: "It is finished." "Fa-

ther, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." In the sacrifice of death Jesus accomplished the whole purpose of creation. In the words of the prophet Daniel, brought in "everlasting righteousness." In the Cross we behold the eternal goodness.

And, lastly, there is the shining of love. We have been thinking of that all along. Love is the very character of God. Love is a word that has many meanings; they are so different to be mutually exclusive and contradictory. Love may mean an impulse to reach out after what seems attractive and draw it to oneself, for one's own gratification. Or it may mean to welcome every opportunity of going out to others, and giving oneself to them, for their happiness and good. There can be no question what the Christian Faith means by love as used of God. In the mystery of the Holy Trinity we adore the self-giving of God. The Father ever pours Himself forth in the Eternal Word, and the Word of God flings Himself back to the Father, and the Holy Spirit is that mutual Love of the Father and the Son. And in His incarnate life our Lord illustrates the life of God, in the utter selflessness and unquenchable love of His Sacred Heart. His whole earthly life is summed up in His statements, "He pleased not Himself," "He went about doing good," Or, as He himself said, "I came from heaven, not to do Mine own will, but the will of Him that sent Me,"—the will of uncreated, self-giving Love. In every contact with those He loved, the one thought of Jesus must have been, not "What can this man or woman do for Me?" "What can I do for this soul?" And our Lord's whole life in the world moved onward to the Cross as the supreme giving of Himself to His Father, and on behalf of the human race.



The Coming Wantage Centenary^{*}

By SISTER MARY THEODORA, C.S.M.

TWO years ago we celebrated the restoration of the Religious Life in the Church of England. The event thus commemorated inaugurated a movement which met with such sure and steady growth that in the coming years we shall be observing a series of similar celebrations in one community after another completes its hundred years of corporate life.

I

PATTERN OF THE RESTORATION

It has often been pointed out that the restoration of the Religious Life in England reversed the order of its initiation in the early church. The first religious were hermits who left the world for the two-fold aim of (1) saving their souls in a life of penitence and prayer, and (2) interceding for the sinful world from which they had fled. They proved to be the hidden leaven that leavened the whole lump, and saved the Church not only in an age of persecution, but also in the more peaceful days of imperial favour and prosperity. Only at a later date and that by gradual degrees did Religious Orders take on the works of mercy.

In England the life came back in the form of intense activity. What may have been the convictions or ideals of the early founders it is doubtful if there could have been a restoration in any other way. Spiritual life was at a low-water mark in mid-nineteenth century England; the new Oxford Movement had aroused violent opposition; Protestant preju-

dice against monks and nuns was rife, and in a materialistic age any organization must needs meet the pragmatic challenge, "What's the good of it?". The industrial revolution had brought in many problems; there was no such thing as organized social service; all eleemosynary work was confined to scattered individual efforts on the part of the charitable-minded. Thus the corporal works of mercy presented a promising field for a new venture to justify its existence by its good activities. Accordingly each one of the early communities began by working for the poor, fitting in as best they could traditional monastic observance. The life was strenuous and its survival was the result of the faith and fortitude of a few heroic souls in each group. Many faltered and fell by the way in those pioneer days; others lost faith and fled to Rome, but those who held on are now rejoicing in the abode of the saints at the great things God has wrought as the result of their early struggles. Their works of mercy helped to arouse a social conscience, the State gradually took over the responsibility for many of the objects for which the first Sisters had cared. There was then more time to develop the inner spiritual life of the Sisters, the divine worship was perfected, ecclesiastical arts cultivated and the convents became more and more centers of the spiritual works of mercy and power houses of prayer. Wantage presents a striking example of the general pattern of the restoration.

II

THE FOUNDATION

The Community of St. Mary the Virgin was founded in 1848

by the Reverend William J. Butler, at that time Vicar of Wantage and later Canon of Worcester and Dean of Lincoln. Wantage is a little market town not far from Oxford; it is said to be the birthplace of King Alfred the Great, whose statue looks down on the green near the ancient church of SS. Peter and Paul. In the early '40s there was great poverty and ignorance in the English countryside, and Butler coming to the parish as a young man full of high ideals and vigorous energy, set out to fight these evils. He had been brought up as a staunch evangelical, and even when converted to the tractarian movement, never lost the Spartan impress of his early training. He was a man of strong will and great executive power, one born to rule, and yet possessed of a remarkable combination of loving kindness, humility and patience, traits of character invaluable in a founder of a religious community. The zeal for Christian education was the great passion of his life, and nowhere has the teaching mission of the church been better organized than in the parish at Wantage. He soon realized that a religious order of women could best assist in that work. An opportunity for this purpose was presented when Archdeacon Manning offered him Miss Elizabeth Lockhart as a helper in his parish. Miss Lockhart was an able and cultivated woman who shared the vicar's zeal for the establishment of a religious community. In the spring of '48 two little cottages were rented and on July 22, Miss Lockhart and a friend of hers were set apart in this humble foundation for the service of Almighty God. In an address delivered to the Sisters in 1873, the vic-

^{*}The Wantage Sisters in anticipation of the one hundredth anniversary of their foundation have published an interesting book of reminiscences under the title *One Hundred Years of Bless-*

ar referred to this event as follows:

"It is now 25 years since I was first consulted, young as I was and unworthy as I was and have been ever since, as to the practicability of forming a Sisterhood to work among the poor of the parish of Wantage. There was then but one other Sisterhood in existence in the Church of England, and I differed from others much more worthy than myself, who feared the effect of such an experiment in the unprepared state of the minds of the people in general for such a state, but with the help of the noble and gifted woman who determined to devote her life and her means to the work, this community was begun. How from that time it has been carried on and at the cost of what anxiety, with what earnest prayer, with what hopes and fears, only myself and one other know.

It is with deep thankfulness that I look at what we are now, and think of the trembling beginning of that work which I cannot doubt God has indeed blessed. The distinguishing character of this society from the beginning has been simplicity. One object at the beginning was to gather those who would be content with a frugal life, patient toil, quiet appearance, content with yielding themselves in simple-hearted devotion to spend and be spent for their Master and their Lord. Does this seem a poor and unsatisfactory sort of aim? Surely not, if we consider Him Who was the lowly as well as the undefiled one. Is not the hidden life the ideal of the true Sister, and where can she find it sooner than in extreme simplicity, a quiet exterior and in deep humility?"

The following year Henry Wilberforce, who later entered

the Church of Rome, sent Harriet Day, a farmer's daughter, to join the company and she was followed by Charlotte Gilbert, a servant girl. These two humble souls were destined by Providence to become the pillars of the future community, for in 1850 Elizabeth Lockhart and her friend joined the exodus to Rome, that followed the Gorham judgment, and other ecclesiastical upheavals of the period. These were dark days for the Church in general and for Butler's plans in particular. The hope of the future for the young community rested in Harriet Day. She was a most humble soul and by reason of her great timidity shrank from responsibility and was utterly unconscious of her latent powers; she would have been appalled had she been told that she was to be the Mother Superior who would raise up and guide a community for three and thirty years. At first she was tempted to follow her companions. Butler, however, with keen penetration recognized possibilities in her and determined to retain her in the Church of her baptism. With his usual energy he began to give her daily instructions in the history and doctrine of the Church of England; he broke down the barrier of reserve, won her affection and moulded her into the strong foundation stone of the community.

The defection of the two choir sisters had one mitigating result, it determined the democratic character of the new foundation. The usual class lines, choir and lay, had been part of the original plan, but now that only the two minor or lay sisters remained, there was no further thought of maintaining any distinction and henceforth women were received from every walk of life into the one group.

Butler's faith and courage were rewarded, for the following year

he was able to write to his loved Keble,

"We are all very strong & hearty. In the home are eleven penitents and five Sisters & we just keep about 120 poor between us and jail."

No Superior was appointed to succeed Miss Lockhart until 1852. By that time Butler felt convinced that his faith in Sister Harriet was justified and suggested her appointment as Superior. In the parish journal under date of February 21, 1852, is noted,

"The Bishop went in the morning to the Home & there instituted Sister Harriet. This seems a most important step and she is probably the first ecclesiastically appointed Superior in an English home of this kind since the reformation."

After her death in January 1892, Dean Butler in an address to the Sisters paid this tribute to her memory:

"Hers was indeed a life of faith. It was no light thing that those early days to go forth to Abraham 'not knowing whither he went,' trusting to the will of God, certain that where he called it would be right to go; low; so it was she came to Wantage. She was always the same—timid, diffident, yet of simple faith. Humility, simplicity, faith, love, were characteristics of her whole being. . . . Her singularly truthful and quick nature made her thoroughly grasp and reject in the teaching of the Sacramental doctrines of the Church and she remained, in spite of all temptations and difficulties, firm and faithful to the Branch of Christ's Church established in our land.

"So diffident was she and so tiring, that for a long time it seemed impossible that she should hold a position of

responsibility and direction of others, but in answer to many prayers she was pointed out as the future Mother of the Community. . . . It was indeed mainly owing to her singleness of mind, combined with much firmness of purpose, that the Community was enabled to surmount the difficulties of its earlier years. . . . Scarcely ever did her judgment fail, whether of persons or of things. It was quite impossible to know her intimately without loving and admiring her. And certainly nothing has done more than her loyalty to the teaching of the Church to impress upon the Community that character of sober obedience which I trust I will never abandon."

III

DEVELOPMENT

After the initial setback the Community entered upon a period of fresh hope. In addition to original penitentiary work, a school was started. In 1856 the convent home and chapel were built on the present site. Clewer sent Sisters to help during the first hard days, but now assistants were appearing and a steady healthy growth began. The community now is one of the largest in the English Church. It would have been easy for a man of Butler's calibre to dominate completely a new foundation but his common sense, humility and patience, unusual combinations with such a forceful character, marked all his dealings. He had no desire to create a pre-fabricated order, the offspring of his own brain. He held fast to his vision, the restoration of religious life and the work of Christian education, but as others were sharing this ideal, he left them to work out the details. He admired St. Francis de Sales and the great saint's original plan of mixed life for the Visitation



Nuns appealed to him. The rule finally adopted at Wantage reveals the influence of this and also of the earlier rule of St. Augustine. He constantly held before the Sisters the two-fold ideal of their life, symbolized by Mary and Martha. The primary aim is always the divine worship and the sanctification of the individual Sister; the active work secondary: Martha can be fruitful only as Mary becomes perfect.

Appeals soon were made for the Sisters to establish schools and homes for problem girls all over England. In 1877 at the request of the Bishop of Bombay, they went out to India, and in

1902 they 'took over' St. Etheldred's School in Pretoria.

The Mother House at Wantage whence all these many activities emanate is a busy center where, like a great Pachomian monastery of old, every possible work is carried on. There is the beautiful chapel where the divine worship is offered and the monastic office chanted to the ancient plain song melodies. The east wing of the convent contains the infirmary where the Sisters who can no longer engage in activities by reason of age or infirmities are cared for. There is a home for problem girls, and not far away schools where girls pre-

pare for the Oxford examinations. In addition to the usual domestic occupations, there are facilities for various arts and crafts. The printing office has produced all the plain song editions of Dr. Palmer's work; the embroidery rooms send out beautiful vestments; the studios produce cards, illuminations and statuary; there is a cobbler shop where shoes are mended, and a workroom for practical purposes, as well as for training in needlework. In Oxford a hostel has been opened for the students in the colleges for women. Retreats are provided in most of the houses and a large body of associates assist the Sisters in many ways.

As we celebrate with our brethren and sisters their coming centenaries our thoughts will turn to the coming century. What has the future in store for the religious life? Dr. Toynbee has pointed out in his *Study of History* that the question of the survival of a civilization (and the same is true of an institution) depends upon its ability to follow up the bold encounter with the

initial challenge by a like courage and attack in meeting successive challenges.

Wantage has never become static but has proved able to cope with the challenges both of adversity and prosperity. Such an example gives us courage and hope in facing the unknown challenges of the coming critical years.

IV

THE FOUNDER'S REWARD

Butler was a young priest of 28 when the Wantage living was offered him; for 34 years he worked the parish with ceaseless energy and marked ability. During all this period, the Sisterhood was the most cherished object of his many labours. When he accepted the canonry at Worcester, it was only on condition that his work for the Sisters might continue, and that work ended on earth only at his death when he was nearly 76. He had lived to see the seed he had planted amidst so much sorrow and adversity grow into a great tree, spreading its branches all over England and

out to distant India. In 1894, year of his death, the Sisters had 34 houses, of which 13 were schools, 9 for rescue or penitentiary work and 8 in parishes. Most labourers in God's vineyard who "sow in tears," the promise "to reap in joy" is fulfilled in the next world, but Butler while still in the flesh had the joy of witnessing the harvest.

Lacordaire who was engaged in the restoration of the Dominican Order in France at the very time Butler was laying the foundation of the Community of St. Mary the Virgin, declared that "The grace of being a founder of a religious order is the highest and rarest that God grants to his saints." Butler, though a doctor of divinity, a canon and a deacon, will always be best known as "Butler of Wantage," and a modern Dante would assign his place in the Mystic Rose to an abbot of the blessed presided over by SS. Basil and Benedict, patrons of Eastern and Western Monasticism, in company with such names as Pusey, Carter, Neale, Benson and our own Father Huntingford.

Give Them Meat

Observations on Christian Nurture

By ARTHUR H. MANN

IT was to fishermen, cold, hungry and discouraged, that our Lord was speaking when he asked, "Children, have ye any meat?" But one wonders how often He would like to ask that of the Church's children—or rather to their parents and teachers: "Do you feed My lambs?"

It cannot be ignored that there are scores of spiritually starved children in homes where they are given every material advantage that money can provide for their social, physical, and intellectual growth. In spite of such abundance, our Lord could with sor-

row ask in many of these homes, "Children, have ye any meat?"

If these children are not fed, or are at best spiritually underfed, it cannot be their fault. There are those who would find its cause in lack of Church school equipment, or in course material, or in unprepared teachers. But oftentimes, the responsibility must be traced to something far more fundamental in the untenable and inadequate conceptions which too often underlie our religious education policies.

No excuse can be found for numbers of churches, which, by

their refusal to provide sufficient and adequate material and equipment, seem willing to paraphrase our Lord's blessing of little children into something which sounds like, "Suffer little children." But wrong thinking in philosophy of religious nurture is more often the cause.

It is obvious, too, that so much of the responsibility is not the Church's. Too often it is the home which is the cause of spiritual undernourishment,—the home where God is often, consciously or thoughtlessly, locked away after the response of the

en" of Sunday's eleven
ck service. Here, too, how-
such action or lack of action
ually to be traced to errone-
conceptions underlying any
king in matters of Christian
ation.

course, there are parents
think they have sincere and
st reasons for ignoring the
ious training of their chil-
Here, for instance, is a par-
who has delved into the top
of psychological lore deal-
with the education of pre-
ol children. She has been ad-
by what she reads (or some-
s thinks she has been ad-
) against the religious teach-
of her kindergarten child.
thinking is confused with an
lated jumble of terms: "re-
us training of the pre-school
l is emotionally repressive";
induces introspection"; "it
ts in fear, conflicts, false no-
, and complexes when con-
itions are later discovered
he intelligent and growing
l." The mother is afraid to
er child see her own religious
ef or practice, for fear that
child will end up scarred and
ated under one of these aw-
ounding terms.

hen, here is another parent,
who takes pride in her demo-
c management of her family
its affairs. Her child, she says,
grow up unfettered by the
ds of any particular faith. She
grow up as a natural child
atever that may be), free
n she reaches "the age of dis-
on" (whenever that is) to
se her own church and re-
us faith without any pres-
from her parents. We can
deal here with the apparent
cal absurdity of such a posi-
, contradicted on the one
l by the very action of the
nt in educating her child in
y other aspect in which he is
wed no choice; and unten-
in the face of the Catholic
e, which, if accepted at all,

must compel belief, and conse-
quent training, by its own neces-
sary truth.

To both parents, there must
come an understanding of the
basic principles underlying the
philosophy of Christian and
Catholic religious education.

The beginnings of spiritual ex-
perience in a child are found, not
in something outside of the child
—not in his environment or in
another individual who becomes

child, before he could begin to
grow at all. How much better if
he had in the first place been rec-
ognized and accepted as a child of
God, capable of some measure of
spiritual experience which needed
to be encouraged and directed
in its growth.

In her book, *Inspired Chil-
dren*, Miss Olive M. Jones, refers
to a case history which readily
points to the terrible conse-
quences which can arise when the



School under Primitive Conditions

his teacher, but rather within the
child himself, as an individual
soul, created in God's image,
whose end is to love and glorify
God, and whose God-conscious-
ness is initiated by the action of
God the Holy Spirit. The expe-
rience may be nurtured by the
proper environment of home,
school, and church. Equally, it
may be thwarted by the environ-
ment in which the child moves.
Frustrations, complexes, conflicts,
repressions,—all these may arise,
not in the proper growth of that
initial experience of the Divine
Reality, but rather in its thwart-
ing or misdirection. Many an in-
dividual who became horribly
enmeshed in his own conflicts and
complexes, has had later to expe-
rience the suffering of a tremen-
dous fall in order to start from the
beginning at the level of rock
bottom, to become as a little

initial, though often unnoticed,
spiritual experience of the child
is ignored by an indifferent en-
vironment, or repressed by a hos-
tile one. A very much disturbed
and puzzled girl was brought into
her office one day, weighed down
by a wholly unnatural association
of fear in relation to any mention
of church, a fear which contained
within itself the possibilities of
"warping the growth of her entire
personality. She had never been
taught any doctrine of atheism,
nor did she come from a home ac-
tively hostile to religion. Rather,
both of her parents treated the
whole matter of religion with an
apparent indifference, so far as
the child knew. (Actually, both
practiced their religion to some
measure at least, although they
had taken pains to keep that
knowledge from their daughter.)
Her parents were from different

faiths, totally incompatible with each other. In an unwise compromise, they had agreed to let the child "choose her own faith" when she was old enough to become familiar with all creeds. Meanwhile, neither parent would teach her. But somewhere, somehow, spiritual experience found its beginning in the child herself, prompted by God alone so far as one could learn, and she began to pray to a God whom she did not know, of whose Personality she had no inkling, and who was to all appearances taboo and unmentionable in her home. Her prayer life, without guidance, consisted largely in the prayer that God would keep her parents from their quarrels and force them to allow her to join a church club where some of her school-mates were members. Her prayers, of necessity secret because of her unnatural fear of discovery, were accidentally stumbled upon by her mother, who upon questioning her daughter, was wise enough to see the problem which had begun to warp her child.

The beginnings of the child's spiritual experience in his out-reaching toward God cannot be rightly ignored any more than can any of his instincts or emotions without serious consequence. For the beginnings of God-consciousness are God-stirred. Much has been put forth in the name of religious education which has ignored this basic fact.

Likewise, any action in the field of religious nurture must be based on a right-thinking conception of the ends and purposes of Christian education.

Any adequate system of religious instruction, formal or otherwise, must have as its aim the guidance of children (and adults) in modeling their lives after the patterns of living set before them, particularly in the life of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, as Man, perfectly and sinlessly, fulfilled the will of God.

The ultimate end of religious education is the growth of the individual human character into conformity with the divine character of God. Such growth is achieved primarily through participation in the Incarnation of our Lord, in the life of its extension in the Body of Christ, the Church, with its organic flow God-ward, and effected through its sacraments. In this way, the Catholic faith insists, the end of religious education and the purpose of life itself are identical. "We believe," notes Dom Gregory Dix, "that the human mind, emotions, and will have been created in order that they may act together in perfect harmony, and make human personality reflect the divine."

Christian nurture, then, aims to foster individual growth by induced imitation of the pattern of our Lord's human life, and by participation in His divine life in the Church.

The pattern set before us is our Lord Jesus Christ, who is Man as God made him, man as he could have been but for the fact of his fall, man as God means him to be. To be sure, it is a far cry from the stirrings of God-consciousness in the fallen human soul to the perfect God-possession of our Lord. Nonetheless, in such a pattern, the Church teaches us, is found the answer to what God wishes man to be. Not only does the life of Jesus Christ on earth show us what man ought to be and might be, but it goes further. Through the vitality of His resurrection, our Lord shows man what he still may become.

Our Lord is set before us as the pattern after which we are to fashion our own lives, or, in the

field of religious education, to others so to fashion them. So an ideal, asserting that we strive to attain after His perfection fully satisfies our conscience.

But that is only part of the story. The Christian faith does not only set before us the pattern of the human life of our Lord, but it provides us with the means by the possibility of participation in the divine life of our Lord which we may share, and which may be imparted to us in the sacramental life of the Church. The system of religious education, the right to set before us our Lord *only* as a pattern or a mere teacher. His human teachings cannot be separated from divine life. His human teaching cannot be followed, nor can human life be effectively patterned after His, without continued and sustained help from the Church.

Thus, religious education must be part and parcel of the life of the Church. Its methods must always be related to the Church's sacraments. It should never lose our aim in religious instruction to teach primarily facts about the Bible, the Prayer Book, or the history of the Church. Rather, spiritual knowledge has point only so far as it has meaning for the individual in his spiritual growth and allows him more fully to participate in the Church's life in quest God-ward. Only then can he grow in conforming his human character to the divine character, to the praise and glory of God.

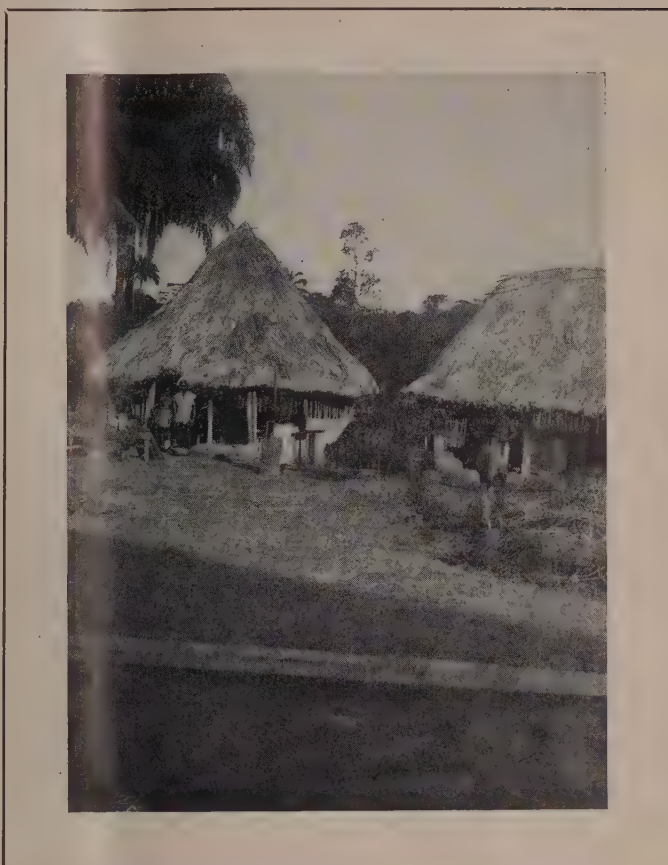
Any adequate system of Christian nurture must consider and deal with both of these underlying principles: that the beginnings of spiritual experience are God-initiated and stirred within the individual soul; and that the end of religious education is the re-fashioning of humanity after the pattern of our Lord, through participation in His divine life in the Church.



Liberian Towns: Koihemba

By ALPHEUS A. PACKARD, O.H.C.

writing home about current conditions in nearby places where we are carrying on evangelistic work, two points need to be stressed. These apply to practically every town to which we go. The first is that—entirely from their present prospects—they have contained the past people who at one time and another were hearers, catechumens, and even Christians. As we think of them now, there is always the background of a few who heard the Gospel, lived the Cross, or went on to baptism. A trickle, perhaps, "one a little and there a little," but heathenism had been dented and the Way opened to those who persevered in attendance and good conduct. Then the second consideration is that in a remarkable high percentage of cases at this time, school children, mostly boys but also a growing number of girls, are coming in from these towns either as day-scholars or as board-



To mention next the baffling question of names: "Koihemba," pronounced "Koyhimba," means "the iron hill," the ending "emba" indicating the hilly location of the village. As a matter of fact, since every town I've visited hereabouts always crowns a hill in the land, the name could be applied widely. There are also "Mangihemba" and "Ndokihemba," and probably more of these names haven't sunk in as yet. The suffix "lahun" means "a town." Here too the founder's name is generally perpetuated. So, with the addition of "lahun" the result is: "Kai-lahun," "Ko-lahun," "Bo-lahun," and so on.

Koihemba is the smallest hamlet where we work, only fifteen

houses. It is the settlement nearest to Bolahun, ten minutes' walk up a very steep hill to the East. Through interstices among the thick trees surrounding it, you may see the smoke of its fires and the thatch of its roofs from the Monastery's back porch. A decade and more ago, in Fr. Baldwin's day, the early 1930s, there were a dozen catechumens up in that direction. A sprinkling went on to Christianity, of whom John Zezema and Mary Hota are still active, and three others moved in to our compound. The rest gave up coming down to Sunday Mass and things petered out. Under the late Sister Superior Monica Mary, however, regular visitations were resumed well over a year ago. We meet outdoors,

weather permitting, or if rain comes, retreat into the chief's house. Semiparist Philip Bala Hance goes out each Monday evening for instruction class, and Sister Andrina accompanies him every other Monday. Fr. Packard gets there every couple of months to notice how conditions progress. One woman Kpana has the Cross, a handful come to hearers' class on Sunday mornings at the Mission; and at least twenty "hear" with regularity when we hold services. A small place, a small work. But out here we hold that the least person or place is utterly worthwhile, and are convinced that unfailing perseverance will eventually win to Our Lord and His Church these dark-skinned, attractive children.

NEW RECORDS

—The Listener

Identification	Technical	Comment
Verdi: <i>La Traviata</i> (complete). Singers of the Rome Opera House, with chorus and orchestra conducted by Vincenzo Bellezza. Columbia OP-MOP-25. Fifteen 12"-discs. Two volumes. \$18.00.	The first post-war complete opera recording. Made in Rome in 1945 and now domestically pressed by Columbia. Adriana Guerrini, soprano, Luigi Infantino, tenor, and Paolo Silver, baritone, are the leading singers. Fair vocal production, nicely paced, and splendidly recorded.	"La Traviata" is certainly one of the most beloved all Italian operas. The story, of course, is based on Dumas's "Camille" and is a fine example of "the well-made play". Verdi caught the spirit of the Dumas plot and clothed its sentimentality with glorious melody.
Wagnerian Excerpts Sung in German by Torsten Ralf, tenor, with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra conducted by Fritz Busch. Columbia M-MM-634. Four 12" records. \$5.00.	The debut on Columbia records of the Swedish tenor of the Metropolitan Opera. His voice, an average one for these days, records well and the discs are technically excellent. A fine album for Wagnerites to have.	Excerpts from <i>Lohengrin</i> , <i>Tannhäuser</i> , <i>Parsifal</i> and <i>Meistersinger</i> provide Ralf with a splendid opportunity to demonstrate not only his own voice but also the little known and less appreciated lyric abilities of Wagner.
Liszt: <i>Mephisto Waltz</i> . New York Philharmonic Symphony Society Orchestra, conducted by Arthur Rodzinski (3 parts), and Wolf-Ferrari: <i>Overture to The Secret of Suzanne</i> . Columbia X-MX-281. Two 12" discs. \$3.00.	A superb reading of two colorful works. Excellent surfaces.	The <i>Mephisto Waltz</i> is based on the Faust legend. The work bears the subtitle, "The Dance in the Village Inn". The scene is the wedding feast at which Faust and the Mephistopheles are uninvited guests. The Wolf-Ferrari overture is always a delight. Suzanne's secret, which she strives to keep from her husband, is a vice—she smokes cigarettes.
Josef Strauss: <i>Music of the Spheres</i> . The Cleveland Orchestra, Erich Leinsdorf, conductor. Columbia 12579-D. Single 12" disc. \$1.00.	A spirited recording of a delightful bit of Viennese music. Excellent recording.	Josef Strauss has been somewhat overshadowed by other members of the famous waltz family. Nonetheless he was a prolific composer and has to his credit almost three hundred works. This work indicates that Josef was every bit as much a genius in the field of composition as the rest of the Strauss family.
Handel: <i>Twelve Concerti Grossi</i> . Busch Chamber Players, conducted by Adolph Busch. Columbia MM-685. Three volumes. Twenty-five 12" discs. \$29.00.	Excellent and monumental recording of these great Handel concerti. Well-balanced recording; excellent surfaces; full Handelian brilliance.	Handel wrote these twelve <i>Concerti Grossi</i> in 1739 in the incredibly short space of a month. They were performed in the theatre, the composer himself at the harpsichord. The concerti are so different in style and character that they not only do not interfere with one another but they even enhance one another.
Wieniawski: <i>Concerto No. 2 in D Minor for Violin and Orchestra</i> . Isaac Stern, violinist, with Efrem Kurtz conducting the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York. Columbia MM-656. Three 12" discs. \$4.00.	Isaac Stern's violin playing is equal to the demands of this lovely old concerto. Fine balance. Excellent recording. Mr. Kurtz brings zest and scintillating brilliance to this colorful work.	Wieniawski, together with so many nineteenth-century composers, felt emancipated from the restraints and stylized figurations of the classical school. Consequently he filled his music with melody, emotion and dramatic appeal. In these days of the atonal cacophonies of the moderns, a hearing of one of these romantic compositions of Victorian days is not without its compensation.
Shostakovich: <i>Symphony No. 9</i> . Philharmonic Symphony of New York, conducted by Efrem Kurtz. Columbia MM-688. Four 12" records. \$5.00.	Brilliant and zestful recording.	In this "playful and fanciful" symphony, Shostakovich has obviously gone back to the quality of his youthful music. The exuberance of the music reminds one of the composer's First Symphony. Certainly, this Ninth is the gayest and most melodious of the three wartime symphonies of Russia's great contemporary composer.
Shvedoff: <i>The Exchange of Diplomatic Notes Between the Turkish Sultan and the Zaporozhsky Cossacks (1674)</i> . Don Cossack Chorus, Serge Jaroff, conductor. Columbia 7493-M. Single 12" record. \$1.00.	A rousing performance by this great choral group.	The singers tell of a Cossack band which refused to submit to a Turkish Sultan and how they answered his tyrannical demands with a fiercely independent challenge.

Community Notes

THE Father Superior conducted the retreat of the Community of St. Mary, at skill, August 20-27.

He hopes to be at home most September but is to preach at Mary Church, Syracuse, the evening of the 23rd.

The annual retreat of the Order closed on August first. The general chapter of the Order was August fourth, St. Dominic's. Father Spencer gave the retreat, the subject matter being *Spiritual Exercises* of St. Ignatius.

Father Harrison preached at Paul's Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Father Tiedemann is stationed at Holy Cross until, in September, he goes west to fulfill a number of engagements and to further interest in our western mission. We are still engaged in the business of seeking to purchase property at Santa Barbara, Calif., which is suitable for a permanent Western House of our Order and for a Retreat House. Soon as any decision is reached, we will, of course, announce it. We hope that it may be possible.

Father Adams preached at Paul's Church, Doylestown, Pa.

The Rule and Constitutions of the Order of the Holy Cross contain several chapters concerning study, "but," they say, "we study that we may know theology, that we may know God. . . . We are called not so much to defend the Faith by argument as to live it in accurate language, such that our hearers can understand, and to illustrate it by the experiences of human life. . . . It is for

this that we are to prepare ourselves in our quiet hours of study, studying in spirit at least, if not actually, on our knees, with the crucifix in full view, and the upturned faces of men before our inner vision." The Library at Holy Cross is, therefore, next to the Chapel, the most important place in the monastery. We are fortunate in having an excellent Library at Holy Cross. It approximates about 20,000 volumes, the bulk of it being, of course, of a religious character. The best books are on our shelves. What we might call the heart of the library is the many volumes of studies in Holy Scripture, and the three hundred and eighty-two massive volumes of the writings of the Fathers of the early Church, whose writings, next to the Bible itself, are the basis of Christian theology. Spiritual, or ascetical theology, as it is called, is that science which applies in the everyday life of men and women, the truths revealed by God to His Church. What we commonly speak of as spiritual reading, like the Presiding Bishop's Lent books, published each year, is ascetical theology without which dogmatic and moral theology would be only sterile theory, for Christianity is a life to be lived, not something only to be studied out of books. Naturally, the library as the workshop of the monastery is a place of quiet, and there is no time through the day when numerous of the brethren may not be found there engaged in the preparation of their work for souls. The original basis of the library was, nearly seventy years ago, the library of the Reverend William A. Dod, of Princeton, a profound scholar of that day whose son was one of the first novices of the Order, but who was, on account of ill-health not

able to take his vows. The room that houses our library is a beautiful arcaded and alcoved hall, seventy-five feet long, and filling the full depth of the monastery at its north end—a gracious place in which to study.

Some of our guests have unexpected experiences. For example, a young sergeant who came to us for rest and spiritual refreshment, nearly was killed here a year ago. He had gone unscathed through the war in the Pacific but a monastic breakfast was almost too much for him. The ceiling fell on his head. Since the ceiling was high and was made of an extra heavy cement-plaster, a good many stitches had to be taken in our young friend's head.

There is a place for economy but we decided that the ceiling is not that place. Prospective visitors will be relieved to know that, as a result of the accident, the ceilings throughout the whole ground-floor of the main building (which were cracking in many places) have now been made fast by stout planks spaced at frequent intervals underneath the plaster and fastened with long, heavy nails into the rafters. Beneath the planks squares of a composition-material have been applied so that the results are not only salubrious but attractive looking.

It is astonishing how much repair is needed in this large, forty-five-year-old house. It was well-built, but even its massive brick outer walls need to be repointed from time to time. As for new paint for the wooden trimmings, whenever that job comes due one feels that this should be called "The House with a Thousand Windows."

However, our business friends tell us that we cannot better invest what money we can that comes for the Mother House than by making our monastery

buildings as sound and long-lived as possible; that this is better economy than letting things fall to pieces and then being faced with the proposition of trying to rebuild. So, as materials become available again, we shall have to make up a lot of time lost during the war.

In our last issue, we printed the most earnest appeal we could devise for a priest to replace Father Gill on our Mission Staff at Bolahun, West Africa. In case you did not see it—or even if you did—let us repeat. The Holy Cross Mission is expanding, thank God, by leaps and bounds. There are many ways in which a secular priest can supplement our work there as another member of our Order would be unable to do. Almost continuously, since the Mission started twenty-five years ago, there has been one or another devoted young secular on our staff. If you are a lay man or woman please pray that God will give us another priest now. If you are a priest yourself—fairly young and in sound health—and if there is any possibility whatever of your freeing yourself for the next two years or so, please write at once to the Father Superior for particulars.

During the summer, we try to keep down our away-from-home appointments as much as possible. There are neither the need nor the calls for missions, retreats, etc., that there are in winter. What do we do with our time? Perhaps you would be interested in our daily schedule, which is much the same in any Religious House.



- A.M. 5.25 The House is called (The Caller knocks on each door saying, "Let us bless the Lord" and the occupant instantly replies, "Thanks be to God.")
- 5.55 All in Chapel
- 6.00 Angelus, followed by Lauds and Prime
- 6.30 and 7.00 All priests in the house say Mass.
- 7.30 Breakfast (after which the Great Silence ends)
- 8.25 Chapter and "Appointments" (a sort of business meeting at which practical details in the various departments are arranged for the day)
- 8.45 Terce, followed by 15 minutes Intercession in Common; and then by a half-hour private Meditation and another half-hour of Spiritual Reading. The two may be reversed at will.
- 11.25 End of the 3-hour Morning Silence
- 12.00 Sext, 5 minute examination of Conscience, and None
- P.M. 12.30 Lunch (with reading aloud and no conversation except on Sundays and greater Festivals)
- 12.55 15 minutes Recreation in Common
- 1.10 50 minutes Silence, during which we may rest if we wish
- 2.00 Silence ends.
- 5.00 Vespers, followed by a second half-hour of private Meditation
- 6.00 Supper (with reading aloud)



- 6.25 45 minutes Recreation in Common
- 8.30 Compline, followed by 5 minute examination of Conscience, and Night Office (Night Office about 35 or 40 minutes.) Meanwhile Compline, Great Silence begun.
- 10.00 Lights out

Between-times, in addition to one's private devotions (including Preparation and Thanksgiving for Mass and 15 minutes private Intercessions); beds to be made, chapels, cells and hallways cleaned, dishes washed, table lawns mowed, fruit and vegetables tended and picked; school of letters written, sermons and addresses prepared, study accomplished; the *Holy Cross Magazine* prepared and all the other work of the Holy Cross Press tended to; meals arranged, supplies bought, accounts kept; five groups of Associates totaling hundreds of members kept organized, their reports read, checked and acknowledged; guests received and made at home, conferences arranged, confessions heard; the Library books catalogued and kept in place, laundry attended to, Sacramental work done (for a dozen altar meetings of the Council, of O. H. C. Directors and the Andrew's Directors, money raised and supplies bought for the Arabian Mission; the Novices trained. These are some of the things which occur as fast as one can write. There are many others, but by God's help, we manage. Pray for us, as we pray for you.

An Ordo of Worship and Intercession, Sept.-Oct., 1947

St. Cyprian, B.M. Double. R. gl.

Ember Wednesday. V. col. (2) of the Saints (3) *ad lib.*

Thursday. G. Mass of Trinity xv. col. (2) of the Saints (3) *ad lib.*

Ember Friday. V. col. (2) of the Saints (3) *ad lib.*

Ember Saturday. V. Mass (a) col. (2) Vigil of St. Matthew (3) of St. Mary L.G. Vigil or (b) of the Vigil col. (2) Ember Day (Almighty, everlasting God . . .) (3) of St. Mary L.G. Vigil. St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist. Double II Cl. R. gl. col. (2) Trinity xvi cr. pref. of Apostles L.G. Sunday.

Monday. G. Mass of Trinity xvi col. (2) of the Saints (3) *ad lib.*

Tuesday. G. Mass as on September 22.

Wednesday G. Mass as on September 22.

Thursday. G. Mass as on September 22.

St. Isaac Jogues and his Companions, Martyrs in America. Double. R. gl.

SS. Cosmas and Damian, MM. Double R. gl.

17th Sunday after Trinity. Semidouble. G. gl. col. (2) St. Wenceslas, M. cr. pref. of Trinity.

St. Michael and All Angels, Double I Cl. W. gl. cr.

St. Jerome, C.D. Double. gl. cr.

October 1. St. Remigius, B.C. Simple. W. gl. col. (2) of the Saints (3) *ad lib.*

Holy Guardian Angels. Greater Double. W. gl. cr.

Friday. G. Mass of Trinity xvii col. (2) of the Saints (3) for the faithful departed (4) *ad lib.*

St. Francis of Assisi, C. Greater Double. W. gl.

18th Sunday after Trinity. Semidouble. G. gl. col. (2) of the Saints (3) *ad lib.* cr. pref. of Trinity.

St. Bruno, C. Double. W. gl. col. (2) St. Faith, V.M.

Tuesday. G. Mass of Trinity xviii col. (2) of the Saints (3) *ad lib.*

St. Brigit of Sweden, W. Double. W. gl.

SS. Denys, Rusticus, and Eleutherius, MM. Double. R. gl.

St. Paulinus of York, B.C. Simple. W. gl. col. (2) of the Saints (3) *ad lib.*

Of St. Mary. Simple. W. gl. col. (2) of the Holy Spirit (3) for the Church or Bishop pref. of B.V.M. (Veneration).

19th Sunday after Trinity. Semidouble. G. gl. col. (2) of the Saints (3) *ad lib.*

St. Edward, K.C. Double. W. gl.

St. Callistus, B.M. Double. R. gl.

St. Teresa, V. Double. W. gl.

Thursday. G. Mass of Trinity xix col. (2) of the Saints (3) *ad lib.*

For the Holy Cross Liberian Mission.

For those ordained at this season.

For all in need of guidance in vocation.

For all God's priests.

For our seminaries and all who teach or study in them.

For all the Bishops of the Church.

For a just solution of all labor problems.

For a Christian attitude in all problems of race.

For all prisoners.

For the work of reconstruction in the countries torn by war.

For the Church's work among Indians.

For all doctors.

For all retreats and quiet days.

For St. Michael's Monastery and St. Andrew's School.

For the growth of true scholarship in the Church.

For the peace of the world.

For all our schools and colleges.

For all the faithful departed.

For St. Francis' Home, Ellsworth, Kansas.

For all our benefactors.

For the Church's works of mercy.

For all our friends.

For the Russian people and their leaders.

For the sick and suffering.

For foreign missions.

For parochial missions.

For wider use of the Sacrament of Penance.

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